Akunaki

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Akunaki

by APastandFutureNerd

Summary

Hannibal organizes a gangbang for his insatiable boy and invites some special guests to that party.

Notes

Hi there!

Akunaki means insatiable in Japanese.

LeChiffre's birth name is Jean Duran.

All mistakes having resisted editing and Grammarly are my own ;)

Enjoy the naughty smut :)

Hannibal puts the platinum metal collar with the Svarowski diamond gems around Will's throat and closes it, making sure it's not too tight. He then blindfolds Will and straps him of his clothes until he only wears his rose-colored lace top and panty along with his matching beautiful tights, accentuating his lean ass and thighs. Goosebumps appear on Will's naked skin as his cozy clothes drop to the floor and he steps out of his pants.

After adjusting the temperature of the room with the app on his smartphone, Hannibal then takes his hand and leads him to the black leather bench in the middle of the moody dungeon room. There is not much light except for a red, soft glow coming off the small dimmed lamps mounted on the walls. Hannibal has acquired the room for this particular purpose. It is discrete and no one has batted an eye when Hannibal has purchased it and ordered some equipment. The reason why both are here, why they don't do this at home is because Hannibal has seen how insatiable Will can be during sex and their first sessions, when he had pleaded to be fucked with another dildo while Hannibal was penetrating him.

In the last two months after their first sessions together and the negotiation of their contract, Will has surprised Hannibal with his willingness to try out more exciting plays and go even to his soft limits. Will has confessed it to him, with a little sweet blush on his face, that he needs more cocks. That he longs to be fucked and used by more men. That he had loved to be a dirty slut years before his time with Hannibal.

And Hannibal has decided, though unwilling to share his sub at first, to relent and organize a gangbang for his little cockslut. All safe, sane and consensual of course as Hannibal despises sexual assault. This is a crude, barbaric design he doesn't want to be part of. He would never forgive himself if something happens to Will on his watch, if someone dares to break the rules and violate the contract.

Will's upper body is bent over the bench. His legs are straddled and his ass is pushed up nicely.The black velvet blindfold in front of his eyes robs him of his sight, rendering him helpless, but his sense of hearing, touching and smelling have heightened.Hannibal circles his beloved sub admires the sight of his marvelous nude body displayed for him and the group of men about to join them. He bows down, shifts his fingers through his curls and kisses his forehead."Look at you. What a filthy, greedy boy you are", Hannibal purrs into Will's ears, degrading him. "You are truly a dirty slut for Daddy."

It leaves a prickling sensation in his stomach. Being unable to see his Daddy and about to be claimed by other strangers. He has to trust Hannibal's choices and he does. Never has Hannibal broken his promise to keep him safe; to go further than he wanted.

Moans and gasps roll from his mouth as Hannibal slowly slides his hands down his back. His fingers ghost along his spine until they come to a halt on his well-shaped, firm buttocks which he caresses first before giving him a short slap "Fuck, yes", Will exhales and arches his head back as Hannibal spanks him without any indication or warning.

"My boy likes that very much, doesn't he?" Hannibal smirks then beats the tempting flesh a second time with his flat hand. Outside the room, there is some noise now. Some chattering.

The acquaintances Hannibal has selected have arrived, are conversing, laughing and occasionally cursing.

Will gets a little nervous and flinches a little but his Daddy calms him down, petting his curls and caressing his cheek with his fingers. “Don’t worry, Will”, he says. “I’ll be right there and watching.”

“You know the safeword”, Hannibal says to him. “Tell me.”

“Freddie Lounds “, Will breathes back.

“And can you show me our non-verbal code word in case you can’t speak?” Hannibal asks next.

Will shows him the symbol with his fingers and then hits the floor three times. Hannibal is content. But of course, he will keep a close eye on his submissive all the time. Despite having made his choice, you can never be sure what people are capable of. Especially his dear brother.

“Good boy”, he says, petting him. “I’m going to open you up for our guests”, Hannibal explains his action.

Will tilts his head and shows he has understood. Hannibal smiles, kisses him on his mouth, then walks back and straddles Will’s legs further. His hands graze along the fabric of his lace top and his panty then pulls it down until his ass is exposed. Hannibal’s lubed finger moves around the rim of his ass, teasing him. Will gasps as the cold digit touches his skin, slowly breaches his hole and widens him.

“Fuck me”, Will moans as the finger pounds a few times against his prostate gland inside him. He stretches his hole further with two other digit of his hand.

Hannibal smirks behind him. “Not yet, I’m afraid. We are saving best for last.” He pulls out, which elicits another frustrated groan of Will. Hannibal licks his fingers clean, walks around him, then faces Will again, hunkering down on his knees to be on the same level.

“If you are still able to take Daddy’s cock after our guests have used you up”, he whispers to him, cupping his jaw with his hand. “Then you shall have me. But you have to earn it, boy”. He promises him. Hannibal listens attentively and watches his sub for a sign of consent or denial. Will nods eagerly, which is good. “I’ll give my best, Daddy”, he replies and smiles.

The chattering and movement in front of the door grow louder and Hannibal checks his watch. It is time to let the men he has selected enter as agreed.

“You are ready, Darling?” Hannibal asks him again, ensuring that he doesn’t overlook any sign of panic or fear or any other sign indicating Will wants to back out.

“Yes”, Will whispers, barely audible. He takes a deep breath to calm down as Hannibal has shown him. This is an entirely new experience for him despite Hannibal having Will prepared

for the scenario by letting him walk around nude in their villa when he had received people for dinner. The excitement, the thrill of the unknown makes his heartbeat accelerate.

Hannibal frowns and bows down to Will again. “I didn’t catch your response, he says. “I don’t want this session to start with you panicking and not telling me.” He holds his face again, gripping his cheeks and jaw firmly so that Will’s words wouldn’t elude him.

“I am ready”, Will confirms in a loud, impatient voice, a little snappish. “Bring them in.” It almost sounds like an order to Hannibal.

Hannibal narrows his dark, maroon eyes but swallows his indignation. Later, he would punish his sub for being so cheek and bratty to him. Some extra spankings perhaps. He does not tolerate being bossed around by a bottom.

“As you wish, darling boy”, Hannibal replies. “The session is about to start. Be good.”

Hannibal opens the door and lets the men step into the vast room. They tilt their heads until they find Will being presented on the bench on the floor and drink him hin with their hungry eyes. Hannibal beckons then to follow him and they gather around Hannibal in another corner.

“Hello Hannibal,” a cool, detached voice says. “It has been a while since we met last.” The man is dressed like Hannibal in a fine suit but appears to be a little younger. He pulls him into a polite hug. There is something wrong with his eyes as a drop of blood wells up in his eyes and ripples down his cheek. The man notices it when Hannibal tells him and hands him a handkerchief. “Jean”, Hannibal greets him curtly, using his real name. Jean uses his spray and puts it away.

Will, listening from the bench and growing impatient in his position, is confused. The voice sounds familiar to him. But what the fuck was that with the eyes? Someone who weeps blood. Of course, he is related to Hannibal somehow. Will’s curiosity is peaked.

Another man looks like a more casual version of Hannibal with his ash-blonde bangs hanging loose in front of his forehead and a cigarette in his hand he had to put out when entering. He hugs Hannibal and brushes the cigarette against his suit.

“Hello brother”, the man says. His voice is raspy. “Nigel”, Hannibal says stiffly and hugs him back although the stench of smoke always disgusts him and his suit is likely to be ruined.

Will hears him calling Hannibal a brother and gets even more confused. He knows he had a sister who died long ago, but he has been unaware of him having a brother. Anyway, this is not his business now. He wants to be stuffed with some fucking large cocks.

“Hello, Mr….Dr. Lecter”, another voice greets him It’s a younger man talking to Hannibal. A strange voice Will doesn’t know and can’t place yet. “Matthew Brown”, Hannibal assesses, after contemplating shortly. The dark brown eyes of Matthew pierce him.“Yes”, he replies and grins. “That’s correct. You have a good memory for an *old man.”*

Hannibal does not bother to make a fitting remark but the rudeness is blatant. It has earned him a place in his Le Creuset kitchenware. He ignores him for now, smiles back at him, then moves on to the next man beside him.

Another man, bearing resemblance to Will called Anthony Dimmond offers him his hand. “Mr. Dimmond.” Anthony smiles at him in a flirtatious way. “I’m happy you invited me over for that kind of party.”

Hannibal grants him a faint, polite smile but quickly withdraws, not in the mood for flirting.

“Follow me, please”, Hannibal tells the group and they obey.

Hannibal reminds every participant of what is allowed and what is not and makes it abundantly clear what happens if no one, especially his brother and cousin, sticks to it and goes on even if Will does not want to. His step brother, cousin and the strangers grunt “alright”, and “of course.”

He then retreats into a corner in the back and leans against the wall, watching the scene unfolding in front of him. But he is always eying them like a predator. No misconduct will escape him.

Will turns his head over his shoulder as he notices the men coming closer.Belts are buckled up, clothes removed then tossed to the floor. The men murmur something, form a line, retreating politely while Nigel and Matthew are going to enjoy Will’s delicacies first.

“Hello gorgeous”, the first man greets him in his dark raspy voice. Will would have loved to look at him and see if he also looks like Hannibal but it is the condition of his husband that no one makes eye contact with him during sex. It is supposed to be fun, yes, but should not turn out into something more intimate. “You sound like Hannibal,” Will remarks, a little irritated. “Yeah, I do, but I’m his step brother. I’m Nigel”, the man grunts. He smells of smoke and a cheap shower gel. Will scents his arousal as Nigel moves around him, before he halts in front of his face, The rustling he makes, indicates that Nigel is stroking himself in front of Will. “I’m going to test what your beautiful mouth can do to me”, he tells Will and ruffles through his curls, grabbing a fistful of it. “Hannibal should have invited me sooner.”

“Man, he is really beautiful”, he hears another man, the younger man whose name Will has not caught for some reason. Walking up to Will, he pulls down his lace panties and tights, making Will gasp and he squeezes his exposed cheeks.

“I’m Matthew”, the younger man introduces himself, caressing the buttocks of Will, before pinching them once more. Will gasps as he feels the second sharp pinch on his skin. “But you surely heard us talking already. The old man hasn’t lied. You are very fuckable material indeed.”

Will feels the hands of Matthew on his body, groping him everywhere, giving him a sharp spank to his cheeks, making them wiggle from the intensity of the beating. He feels his fingers inside him, pushing and pulling out to stretch his hole further.

“Please fuck me”, Will hears himself moan and plead, his voice on the verge of cracking.

“Oh yeah”, Nigel and Matthew reply in unison.

“You’re going to be fucked so hard tonight, gorgeous, you will be crying in bed and won’t be able to walk tomorrow “, Nigel assures him.

Fuck yeah, Will thinks, aroused by the spanking, the degradation and the fingerfucking. His moan is loud in the room. He feels his cock straining uncomfortably hard against the black leather bench he is bent over. Will has to restrain himself from coming on the spot. This debauchery feels so good.

Will then feels how his mouth is opened with a firm grip at his jaw and Nigel pushes his cock into his mouth. “Suck it, baby”, he orders and Will complies, bobbing his head back and forth. A gasp leaves him as he feels another cock breaching his hole, filling him up nicely.

Will’s senses are overwhelmed while Nigel fucks his mouth and Matthew takes him from behind, pushing in and pulling out at moderate speed. Where the other man is, he doesn’t know but he doesn’t care either. He is so full, it feels so damn good. Three or four men are enough for him. And he needs to survive to be fucked by Hannibal again.

The bench creaks beneath him and he gags around Nigel’s cock. Nigel speeds up his pace and uses his mouth to his liking, being rough and demanding. “You do have a pretty useful mouth”, Nigel praises him.

“And such a nice ass ”, Matthew pants from behind. “So tight for me, baby.”

Oh god. This is all too much and Will gags and jerks. His eyes roll back until the white is visible, as he is unable to cope with the merciless flooding of his senses when both cocks slam inside him. But he can take it. He will take all the cocks and be a good slut. He does not want to disappoint Daddy. Daddy has been very generous to him.

Matthew then comes after fucking him like a rabbit, straining the stability of the bench beneath his body further and finally pulls out, leaving Will aching for more and covered with sweat. He feels empty now. His hole aches a little from the rough sex. Then another man walks up and grabs his hips with a firm grip. Will sighs in pleasure as, without much preamble, another cock is being slammed into his hole. It feels even thicker than Matthew’s cock and it eviscerates the feeling of emptiness.

His eyes are watering when Nigel still in front of him deep throats him, chasing his pleasure,but Nigel doesn't relent and Will lets him fuck his face and yank his hair. A few more sharp thrusts and Nigel comes, panting, trembling, his greyed hair falling over his face. He steps back and removes the condom.

Nigel pets Will’s sweaty curls and chuckles at the sight of Will gasping for air. “Thanks for the nice mouth fuck”, he says."That’s just the beginning, baby. See you later." He takes his leave, tosses the condom in a bin and retreats for the moment into the back and takes care of Matthew and lets his hands wander down the gorgeous back of the younger man who is getting hard again. “You’re pretty, too”, Nigel whispers in his ear and wraps a hand around Matthew’s windpipe.

Will tilts his head a little over his shoulder, causing the man Hannibal calls Jean to feel obliged to introduce himself.

“My name is Jean. But please call me Le Chiffre or Daddy, if you know what’s good for you”, the man orders him in a cool tone. His hands do feel like Hannibal’s, too. The perfume coming off him is intoxicating and maybe a tad too sweet.

Will nods, mute for now as his throat feels sore and he can barely swallow.But he still doesn’t want to make the sign with his hands for Hannibal to stop this tryst.

“Open up your mouth, please”, the voice with the British accent orders him politely, before being gagged with another huge cock. A circumcised one, he notices. Anthony smells of lavender and thyme and he is cleanly shaven unlike Nigel.

Le Chiffre behind him bends forwards and ruffles through his hair and pulls at it, causing Will to gasp wantonly once more. “That’s right”, Anthony says. “What a splendid boy you are indeed. Dr. Lecter..or Boris Jankov as I know him, really delivered.”

“Such a shameless, beautiful dirty brat”, the man named Le Chiffre reacts to his moaning and fucks him harder than Matthew, using him as his fuckboy, burying his nails into Will’s muscular back. “You should be mine”, he purrs. “Not Hannibal’s.” He slams into his hole with another fierce thrust and grunts. “But I can make you so sore you do not want Hannibal tonight.”

“Yes”, Will wails. “I’m your WHORE”, he screams as LeChiffre’s thrusts hit the sweet spot inside without mercy.

“Yes, you are”, the familiar voice of Nigel returns. Bowing down, he cups Will’s cock in his hand. “A little thank you for the incredible mouth fuck”, he smirks and begins sliding his hands up and down his dick after putting some lube on it.

“T-Than..Thank you..”, Will mumbles..

Ohmygodohmygod, he thinks. His brain, his ability to think a single coherent thought is about to shut down, as well his ability to speak.

Will likes it, though. He likes all of the harsh treatment he receives. He is being used like a harlot and gets more cocks tossed into every orifice he possesses, before being stimulated by another one. Will thinks of Hannibal having to watch how his sub, his precious gem is touched and fucked by other men, forced not to do anything about it.

At some point, pain mingles with pleasure as his ass is abused and his throat hurts even more as Anthony slams into him, but he doesn’t want them to stop. It feels like flying at a certain point and he is elated. It is glorious. Now he is finally good for something.

Then he is hauled up all of a sudden and the men help him stand on his legs. Will is dizzy and Le Chiffre catches him from behind before collapsing to the ground. He shoots a gleeful look at Hannibal whose gaze is about to turn into a murderous, possessive one but he doesn’t say anything. They lead him to the bed, some meters away from the black leather bench, then

toss him on the king-size bed like a piece of meat to be slapped before landing in the sizzling oil in the pan.

Will's hips are being straddled and he is pulled towards the man whom he recognizes as Nigel due to the smoky breath he feels on his neck. "Hello again", Nigel greets him in his raspy voice. Will hisses as his hole is abused once more this evening when

Matthew strokes his cock to full erection, watching Will like a predator then lowers his cock on his face, forcing Will to open his mouth again and fucks him without warning.

Le Chiffre has recovered again and whispers something into Nigel's ear. There is a little unrest on the bed as the men shift their positions and figure out how to fuck him best. Having found the right position, Le Chiffre's impressive cock finally joins Nigels in Will's hole. Will lies there on the bed, as three cocks fuck him into oblivion.

This new sensation with two cocks being shoved inside is almost too much for Will and he moans and grimaces a little. Hannibal comes to the bed and interrupted their tryst when he notices Will's moans. Matthew, Nigel, and Le Chiffre pull out for a moment, baffled and irritated.

"If it's too much, Will, you have to make the sign", Hannibal whispers into his ear.

"I'm alright", Will responds in a hoarse voice. "Just a little... thirsty." Hannibal brings him a tall glass of water and leads it to his mouth. Will gulps down all of it.

"Let me remind you that it is also your responsibility to show me when Will is dehydrated", Hannibal says in a polite, but disapproving tone when withdrawing the glass.

"We will stick to our agreement", Le Chiffre says, his eye weeping blood again. He is irritated at Hannibal interrupting the tryst. "We will not harm him."

"Good", Hannibal replies in an equal cold manner. "If something happens to my sub, if you go further than he wants to, then you will pay dearly, Jean."

Hannibal's hand slips inside his pocket to the curved linoleum knife for a second.

The atmosphere changes for a little while, almost becoming threatening. Will tenses up and wants to look at what's happening but Nigel holds him. "It's alright", he tells him, cupping his cheek. "Gorgeous, don't worry. Nothing will happen-"

Hannibal holds Le Chiffre's gaze and the latter relents with a cold smirk, knowing his murderous cousin all too well. "What's the fuckin problem, brother?" Nigel interrupts with furrowed eyebrows, gaping from Le Chiffre to Hannibal. "It's fine now, give it a rest."

"Let's get on with it. He had enough time to take a break ", Matthew grins, shooting a challenging and slightly reprimanding look at Hannibal, then bows down his head to Will and kisses him - counter to their agreement.

Noting Matthew Brown's provoking faux-pas, Hannibal wrinkles his nose then steps away, letting them resume their activities, ready to interfere and kill. For Matthew, he was now

mentally choosing a fitting dish. No one kisses Will without his permission.

Limbs are twisted and bend in all kinds of positions while they fuck and have fun. They make Will cum various times and have him from different positions. Will lying on the bed, his legs straddled like a whore when the huge cocks push and pull out from the left and the right. Will then kneeling in the sandwich position, caught between all four men, sucking dick and getting laid with pleasure.

The men compliment him how delicious he is while licking him, sucking his cock and putting his physical fitness to a test after the short break.

Will is so lost in the sensations, it all becomes a blur of colors and smells at some point. He smells cum, sweat and he feels as if he is soaring above the clouds while he is being hauled around, then tossed back into the sheets to the liking of the men.

Before long, they are sated and Hannibal tells them to take their leave.

”Thank you for this hot evening, gorgeous”, Nigel whispers into his ear. “I want to repeat this again.”

”This was a very nice kind of party indeed”, Anthony tells him with a chuckle. “See you around.”

Will smiles. “You’re both welcome.”

They pet him and stand up, picking up their clothes.

”Gosh, I don’t want to go”, Matthew says to him with a crooked grin, touching him again. “I have an idea to make you mine.”

Le Chiffre interrupts him and gives him a quite cold look. “Plotting, eh? I want to see what you’re going to do against me.” He turns to Will again with a smile. “You are going to be mine. I will make sure of it.”

Will thinks of replying that both are going to land on Hannibal’s dinner table at some point but he manages to refrain himself.

”Mr. Brown, Jean”, Hannibal says in a harsh tone, his dark eyes glowing. “The session is over and you would be best advised to obey.”

”Sorry, old man”, Matthew grins at him, his eyes predatory though. He grabs his clothes and goes to the bathroom.

”I am so sorry, cousin”, Le Chiffre replies, sounding he is not sorry at all but he relents, knowing how dangerous Hannibal is. He pats his shoulders and joins the others as well.

After they have showered and gotten dressed, Hannibal escorts them to the exit, bids them goodbye and locks the door behind them.Matthew and Jean have been terribly rude and Matthew has even breached a rule he has set up. Still, he knows what to do about it and where to find him. He is more worried about Jean and about his secret thoughts. Hannibal

regrets having invited him. But there is still Nigel to help him out. But that is a problem for another day.

Hannibal walks back to his sub.Will lies on the bed, unable to move. It hurts everywhere. Will asks himself if he is truly able to take his Daddy's cock after all.

Hannibal removes the black, sweaty blindfold and discovers a pair of tired blue hazy eyes gaping up at him.

"How are you, Will?" Hannibal purrs and kisses him, pleased he was now being left alone and able to have him for himself. "Sorry for that rude Mr. Brown. It was not okay what he did to you."

"It's fine. I know what you're going to do to him anyway", Will replies. "Fuck, I'm so exhausted", he mumbles in a hoarse voice, grimacing as he tries to shift. He feels the pain in his ass, the sore muscles from being twisted into uncomfortable positions on the mattress.

Hannibal purses his lips but his eyes show mischievousness. "Disappointing", he teases Will in a dark, seducing voice, nibbling on his earlobes and kissing him in between. " I thought you wanted to get my cock as a reward."

Will pouts and rolls on his back, presenting his abused ass to him. "But I do want your cock, Daddy."

He hoists up his ass and hurls a seducing, coquettish glance at Hannibal over his shoulder. Will angles his right leg and lounges on the bed like a model. Hannibal sends his dinner jacket, shirt and bow tie flying to the floor, before crouching on the bed and pulling Will on his lap.

"Daddy?" Will asks with a questioning look on his face and in his higher-pitched, innocent voice, following Hannibal's orders. "What are you doing?"

"You've been rude to me when I asked you if you were ready", Hannibal told him, pushing Will down on his lap.

Another smack hits his poor cheeks and Will writhes but Hannibal does not let him go. He howls. It stings because his ass is already throbbing from the previous spanking, the fucking. But he is stubborn and objects using the safeword.

"What did I do?" Will inquires. "Can't remember anything"."

Smack. "You were giving me orders. A sub doesn't tell a dom what to do", Hannibal explains.

Smack. The next one makes Will mewl again and his eyes water.

"Five more slaps, Will", Hannibal says, noticing his heavy sighs and desperate bucking. "Then we will see if you can still take my cock. Just be brave."

Will nods and grits his teeth as each hit makes it harder to bear the pain and not jerk away from Hannibal's firm grip. Just when he is about to utter the safeword, he is released. Will rests on the bed, while Hannibal massages a refrigerant lotion made from Aloe Vera and other herbs on his flushed ass cheeks.

After putting the jar with the lotion on the floor, Hannibal returns to the bed. Will looks at him with one eye closed, while resting comfortably on his back, his arms and legs spread on the bed. He almost looked like an angel.

Hannibal chuckles at the sight of his exhausted and utterly defeated sub and shakes his head a little. "I think I need to put my dear boy to bed ", he says, arching one eyebrow a little. "My boy is already so tired."

Will gives him a defiant glance then sits up on the bed faster than Hannibal could anticipate.

"No", he says in a loud and sullen voice, his rosy, swollen lips pouting." I still want your cock."

"Then on all fours with you", Hannibal orders him.

Will's face lights up and he obeys. Hannibal fetches a long rope from a box in the corner where he keeps different tools and sex toys then wraps it around his wrists and ankles before tying the rope to the bedposts.

Hannibal steps back to take in the glorious sight. "My slutty boy", he humiliates him.

He fetches a golden butt plug, Will's favorite and leads it to Will's abused hole. He shivers a little but he takes it. He clenches his sphincter muscles around it.

"It's your favorite", Hannibal murmurs. "You have been a very good boy. Now let's see how much you can take." He fetches the remote and turns it on. The plug starts buzzing.

Will immediately trembles and grimaces as the butt plug stimulates his over sensitive prostate.

Meanwhile, Hannibal crouches on the bed and kneels in front of Will's face.

"You like being full, don't you?" Hannibal asks, cupping his cheeks with the palm of his hands and brushing a thumb over these poor, swollen lips.

Hannibal brushes his cock against the orifice and moans as Will's tongue darts out to lick at the sensitive glans, tasting a drop of his precome.

With his left hand, he increases the vibration of the butt plug on the remote, causing Will to utter more lecherous moans in all pitches of his wonderful voice.

The sweet torture Hannibal inflicts upon him makes his eyes roll back in his head a second time this night. He almost looks like he's about to have a seizure again. Delicious sight. It reminds Hannibal of their past and despite his regrets, it arouses him deeply.

Hannibal holds his face steady, pressing his cock against the entrance with more pressure. "Come on, darling", he orders him. "Be a good whore and suck Daddy's cock." Will opens up after and wraps his mouth around the thick, leaking girth.

“Such a pretty, abused mouth”, Hannibal says darkly when he stares at the swollen lip, bruised from all the cock sucking.

Will sucks and licks around Hannibal’s length and cups his hands around his balls, toying with them.

“Magnificent boy”, Hannibal praises his sub. He lets out a sharp hiss as Will bobs his head and takes him further down his throat until he nearly gags. Skilled as he is, he manages to withhold. He hums and smiles down at his boy, never breaking eye contact. Hannibal can feel Will is tired and his throat hurts more than before, but he is still so devoted to pleasuring his Daddy.

Hannibal possesses enough self-discipline to make Will sweat and tremble more as he already does now but he does not want to risk him collapsing completely.

So he decided to pull out abruptly, making Will peeking up at him with confused eyes. Hannibal demands of Will to turn around.

He slams the golden butt plug against his prostate a few times, making Will cry out louder.

“Fuck...Daddy...please..please”, he whines. "I need you inside me."

“You’ve been so good and brave this evening, Will”, Hannibal purrs, removing the butt plug, then smearing lube on his cock. “I will be merciful with you.”

His cock circles around the sensitive and sore crack of his ass. Hannibal slaps his cock against his slicked, widened entrance a few times in a teasing way before pushing in slowly and carefully.

“Oh yes...Daddy”, Will wails, sighing. Impatient as he is, he rocks his hips back on Hannibal's cock, wanting to be fucked quickly, but Hannibal doesn’t allow it at first and slows down instead.

Will howls in frustration but Hannibal keeps his hips steady with both hands and forces Will to submit.

“Didn’t you want to be merciful?” Will pants, glancing above his shoulder.

“I did”, Hannibal hums. “But you just decided to be bratty again.”

Another sigh follows and Will stops rocking himself back and hands Hannibal the control over the pace of their sex.

“That’s better ”, he leers as Will finally gives in.

He sets up a punishing pace again and quickens it while wrapping his hand around Will's cock and touches the tip of his head, squeezing it.

"Oh God..yes...So good", Will moans. Skin slaps on skin as Hannibal increases the pace again. They grunt, pant and roll their hips in sync.

"I'm your CUMSLUT", Will screams, just when he cums. His body convulses with wild tremors.

"Yes, you are", Hannibal grunts and fucks him so hard, Will has to scream again. He closes his eyes as the climax washes through him and he spills within Will - being the only one allowed to do so.

"God…", Will breathes as Hannibal's cum fills him up and runs down the inside of his thighs."I missed your cum so much."

Hannibal bows down and plants kisses on his ass then licks his cum from his butt cheeks with his tongue.

"My little cumdump", Hannibal chuckles, frees Will of his restraints, then sighs as they fall into the damp sheets, exhausted but sated and happy at the same time.

Now Hannibal lies besides Will and gazes down into his sweat-stained and deeply flushed face, scrutinizing him intently. He notices from the cracks on his lips that Will needs to drink some water soon. Then Will's stomach growls and Hannibal's smile widens. His body also needs nourishment.

Hannibal fetches the water bottle on the floor opens it, then leads it to Will's mouth. Will takes some greedy gulps and his partner puts the bottle away again.

"Goodness", Will grunts, lazily moving his limbs in bed, his thirst satisfied. "I could use some sleep right now."

Hannibal chuckles and pulls him into his arms, keeping him safe. Will buries his face in the crook of his neck and breathes in his scent.

"I know", Hannibal says in his purring voice. "You've earned it. You were a very good boy tonight But first, we need you to get clean and get you something decent to eat before we go to sleep", he purrs, pressing a quick kiss to his forehead.

"How about a bath?" Hannibal suggests. "Would you do that for Daddy?"

Will yawns, stretches his arms and limbs, then contemplates for a moment.

Of course, they have the option of staying in this room as it is Hannibal's private dungeon but their bedroom in their current home would be more intimate.The atmosphere is far from what he needs right now and so he relents.

"A bath and something to eat would be fantastic", Will agrees.

“Then you should have it, my boy”, Hannibal concludes and straightens his upper body and goes looking for his clothes. Will does the same.

However, before Will can make any protest, Hannibal hauls him up with a quick movement and carries him bridal style to the car.

After arriving at the mansion, Hannibal carries Will to the bathroom. There he takes care of his darling - to spoil him but also to rinse away the smell of strangers on his sub. He washes his curls with his most expensive shampoo, massages his scalp with gentle, loving movements, eliciting more pleased moans from Will. Hannibal cleans Will’s weary and used body with the same devotion Will shows him in every session.

Hannibal also feeds him the best dish he is able to cook when they have settled in the bed and reciprocates the devotion of his partner in his way because submission and devotion are gifts to not be taken for granted after all. Especially when it comes from Will Graham.

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